

PREFERRED WALK ON STREET

American Tourist Indignant at Seemingly Imputation That He Had Feline Proclivities.

Senator Dewey was asked by a reporter as he was having his luggage examined last month, if he had brought any stories back from Europe.

The senator laughed and replied: "Well, in the smoke-room of the ship I heard an interesting thing about a Montanan in Chester. Chester, you know, is walled. Its wide walls, on which you could drive a horse, are famous. You can circle the town on them."

"But the Montanan knew nothing about Chester. He had only arrived in Liverpool that afternoon. And as soon as he finished his quaint dinner, he said to the waiter in the quaint Chester Inn:

"What is the best way for me to amuse myself here for an hour or two before bedtime?"

"Well, sir," said the waiter, "it's a fine evening, the moon is full, and I think you'd find a stroll on the walls most enjoyable."

"The Montanan, ignorant of the popular promenade upon the wide walls of Chester, thought he was being gaudied. He frowned at the waiter and said bitterly:

"What do you take me for? A tom cat?"

Temperamental Toilet Table.

A very aged Englishman many years ago gave this advice to his daughter in a letter as to what a lady's dressing table should contain:

The best beautifier a young lady can use is good humor. The best renovator truth; the best rouge is modesty; the best eyewater is the tears of sympathy; the best gargle for the voice is cheerfulness; the best wash for smoothing wrinkles is contentment; the best cure for deafness is attention; the best mirror is reflection, and the whitest powder is innocence.

Charity by Proxy.

There is an Oregon statesman who is very prudent with his money. He rarely spends anything if he can get some one else to do the spending for him. One morning he was walking down the street with a friend and they met a beggar who had a tale of woe that was amazing. The statesman listened and asked some questions. Then he turned to his friend and said: "John, this man's story affects me greatly. Give him a quarter."—Life.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

First Man—I called on a couple of ladies last night.

His Friend (absently)—So? I'll bet the other fellow held kings.—Exchange.

It is so hard to separate some men from their money that they seem to be suffering from lockjaw of the pocketbook.

Nebraska Directory

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I have been using your food for several months and found it indispensable. After October 1st I will be located in New York. Is your food sold there? If not I will try to get some grocer to order some—I cannot measure in dollars and cents its value to me.

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TOM ROCKET

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Tom Rocket was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick assizes, he was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were particular about names then. If you indicted a man as Jim, and his true name was Joe, he got off; and when the law was altered—so that they could set such errors right at the trial—people, leastwise lawyers, said that the British constitution was being pulled up, root and branch.

My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured 36 inches across his chest. He was a lawyer, and was at the time I have mentioned engaged in a great tithing cause that was to be tried at Warwick spring assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over to look up the evidence. There was no cross-country coach, so he rode; and, being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone.

He had ridden ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that there was in those days over the Avon. Just beyond it rose a stiff hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled round upon him, and bade him "Stand and deliver!" It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked, and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's chest; but, one after the other, they missed fire!

"You've given me a deal of trouble," said Tom, "so just hand over your



purse without any more ado, or by G—d! I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there!" and he laid the cold muzzle of his pistol on my father's forehead just between his eyes.

My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly handed over his purse.

"Much good may it do you," he said, "for there's only three-and-six-pence in it."

"Now for your pocketbook," said Tom, not heeding him.

"Pocketbook?" inquired my father, turning a little pale.

"Aye, pocketbook!" Tom repeated; "a thick black one; it is in the left-hand pocket of your riding-coat."

"Here it is," said my father; "you know so much about it that perhaps you can tell what its contents are worth!"

"I'll see," Tom replied, quietly taking out and unfolding half-a-dozen legal-looking documents.

"They are law papers—not worth a rush to you or anyone else," said my father.

"Then," Tom replied, "I may tear them up," and he made as though he would do so.

"Hold! on your life!" my father shouted, struggling hard, but in vain, to rise.

"Don't be cross," said Tom, "it don't become you to look red in the face. Now, attend me," he continued in an altered tone. "Do you see that bridge? Well, there's a heap of stones in the center, isn't there? Very good! If you will place five hundred guineas in gold, in a bag, amongst these stones at twelve o'clock at night this day week, you shall find your pocketbook and all its contents in the same place two hours afterward."

"How am I to know that you will keep your word?" my father replied, a little softened by the hope of regaining, even at so heavy a price, the papers that were invaluable to him.

"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the robber, securing the pocketbook upon his person, "and what I mean, I say; and what I say, I stick to. Now, get up; and mind," he added, as my father sprang to his feet, "my pistols don't miss fire."

"I shall live to see you hanged," my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.

"Shall I help you to catch your horse?" Tom asked politely.

"I'll never rest till I lodge you in jail," said my father, savagely.

"Give my compliments to your wife," said Tom, mounting to his horse.

"Confound your impudence!" howled my father.

"Good night," said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning sharp round, he jumped his horse over the fence and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father, I must own, but he determined to set a trap for Tom Rocket, baited with the five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted up to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous Bow street runner, and arranged that he and his men should come down, and help to catch Tom; but just at the last moment Bradshaw was detained upon some important government trial, and so another runner, Fraser, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by different roads, and all meet at a wayside inn about five miles from the bridge, at eight o'clock p. m. on the day my father's pocketbook was to be returned.

My father was a little late at the place of meeting, but when he arrived there he could see no one about, except a loutish-looking countryman in a smock-frock, who was swinging on a gate hard by.

"Good night, maister," said my yokel.

"Good night to you," said my father. "Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for?" said the yokel, producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment that it was his own letter to Bradshaw.

"Where did you get that?" he said quickly.

"Ah!" replied the yokel, replacing it in his pocket, "that ud be tellins. Be yer expecting anybody?"

"What's that to you?" said my father.

"Oh, nought," said the yokel, "only a gentleman from London—"

"Ha!" cried my father; "what gentleman?"

"Will a name beginning with F suit you?" asked the yokel.

"Fraser?" The word fell involuntarily from my father's lips.

"That's the name," replied the yokel, jumping down from his seat, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. "I'm Fraser, sir, and you're Mr. Sandiger, as has been robbed of a pocketbook containing valuable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Rocket as has got it—that's our game, sir. All right, sir; now to business."

"But where are your men?" my father asked, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.

"All right again, sir," said the runner, "they will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please to lead the way."

This was his plan: Two of his men were to lie hidden on each hurdle, while he and my father, in a boat that was concealed beneath the main arch of the bridge, unseen themselves, could watch the heap of stones where the money was to be placed, and the stolen pocketbook left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom Rocket, or any of his friends, removed the bag in which the gold was packed Fraser was to whistle, and his men were to climb from their hiding places, and secure whoever it might be. If he leaped over the railing of the causeway, and took to the water, there was the boat in which to follow him.

My father gave him the bag, saw him write upon it, and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then my father let himself down into the boat, in which he was immediately joined by the runner.

"It's all right," said Fraser, in a low tone.

"Do you think he will come?" whispered my father.

"Certain," replied Fraser, "but, hush! we must not talk, sir; time's up."

For three mortal hours did my father sit in that boat, and the runners lay stretched out on the broad of their backs upon those hurdles, watching for Tom Rocket to come for his money; and for three mortal hours not a soul approached the bridge, not a sound but the wash of the swollen river was heard. By the time that the clock struck three, my father, who had been nodding for the last 20 minutes, fell fast asleep as he sat covered up in his cloak, for it was a bitter cold night; but was very speedily aroused by hearing Fraser cry out that they were afloat.

My father was for returning directly to the bridge, and so was Fraser; but, somehow or other, they lost each other in the dark, and when my father arrived there, having run nearly all the way, he found, to his great surprise, that the officers had left. He rushed to the heap of stones, and there the first thing that caught his eye was his pocketbook—the money was gone.

Lord, how he did swear!

Determining to have it out with the runners for deserting their posts, he hurried on to the inn. Tied into five chairs, hand and foot, trussed up like so many Christmas turkeys, with five pairs of eyes glaring at him owlishly, sat the real Mr. Fraser and his four Bow street runners. Tom Rocket had managed the business at the bridge himself!

Upon examining his pocketbook, my father found all his documents, and a paper on which was written these words:

By destroying these writings I could have ruined you. In doing so I should have injured your client, whom I respect. For his sake I keep my word, though you have played me false.

TOM ROCKET.

Here Mr. Josh paused, and smoked for some time in silence.

"And what became of Tom?" asked one of the company.

"Well," replied Mr. Josh, "after having been tried three times, and getting off upon some law quibble on each occasion, he—who had robbed to the worth of thousands of pounds and escaped—was executed at Nottingham for stealing an old bride!"

GAUGES NOT ALIKE

WIDTHS OF FIRST RAILROADS VARIED WIDELY.

George Stephenson's Idea Was Accepted in the Early Stages of the Rail—Standardization Finally Brought About.

The American standard railroad gauge of to-day was predetermined by the tramways in the English coal mines, which were made to conform to the width of the common road wagons. When George Stephenson chose a track for his first locomotives he naturally adopted the gauge of four feet eight and one-half inches to which he had been accustomed in Newcastle collieries.

With the building of the first railroads in America came the importation of English locomotives, some of which were from Stephenson's shops, and the result was a general introduction of the English gauge as the standard in this country, particularly in New England and New York, and in the section of the west where railroad construction was financed by Boston or New York capitalists.

Except in Texas the prevailing gauge throughout the south was five feet. In the middle states there was a confusion of gauges. At least seven different widths of track could be found within the single state of Pennsylvania, says Moody's Magazine, and six of these ranged with fractional variations between standard gauge and four feet ten inches. The same condition existed in Ohio.

Many of the most prominent lines were originally constructed with other than standard track. The Erie and the Albany and Susquehanna had a gauge of six feet, as did the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western. The Galena & Chicago Union (now the Chicago & Northwestern) also adopted the six-foot gauge, but after 40 miles had been constructed the track was relaid at standard width.

The Missouri Pacific had a gauge of five feet six inches; the Chesapeake & Ohio, five feet; the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, four feet ten inches; the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, four feet nine and one-half inches, and the Pennsylvania, four feet nine inches.

It was once thought that railroads of a gauge of three feet or three feet six inches, were particularly adapted to regions where construction costs are necessarily heavy and traffic light. Experience soon demonstrated, however, that they are lacking in operating efficiency, and they are everywhere disappearing. Within a few years the Central Vermont has relaid the track of one of its narrow gauge branches, and the Southern Pacific has only lately converted its Oakland-San Jose line into a standard road.

Shippers avoided sending their goods over routes where they would have to be reloaded, and the process of transferring freight was extremely costly to the railroads, absorbing a large share of the profits. Some companies laid a third rail so as to accommodate cars of standard gauge. Others shifted loaded cars by means of cranes from one set of trucks to another, and the Vermont Central furnished cars with trucks which could be adjusted to either standard or narrow gauge track.

The original Pacific railroad bill left to the president the determination of the gauge, and Lincoln decided upon five feet, but congress reversed this ruling and adopted the standard gauge.

No Time to Think of Accidents.

"Of course, it is something of a strain on the nerves to be on the watch constantly, but we become so used to it that we are almost a part of the machine," said a veteran of the throttle. "Now, take the train upon which I run. I know I am expected to make time, and my thought is on that—to get all out of the engine I can—and I have no time to think of anything else. The system is very different from what it was when I first ran an engine. The block system is so perfected that we have little cause to fear an accident that human care can guard against so we bend all our thoughts to making time. The fireman is given no idle moments in which to get up a fear, even if he was given that way, and if the steam is kept up we know we are making the time required, and do little else. It is all a part of our daily life, and we get what might be called hardened to it."

After Many Years.

One of the traffic agents of a railroad system passing through the state of West Virginia recently received a letter from a man in Wheeling making inquiry as to the address of the president of the road. The writer added that it was his wish "to make a wrong record." The desired information being accorded, the head of the system was in due time in receipt of the following unique communication:

"Sir: When a child I took some of your company's coal, for which I now beg to inclose a check for \$20, in full payment. I am now a child of God, and paradise and lost souls are my only desires."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

STEEL RAILS IN HOLY LAND

Consul Tells of the Damascus and Mecca Line, Its Construction and Equipment.

Deputy Consul John D. Whiting of Jerusalem recently made a journey over the Damascus & Mecca railroad, and describes the line and its equipment as follows:

The rails used in the construction are all steel and come from the United States. From Damascus to Daraa wooden ties were laid, which are already being replaced by iron ones. From Daraa south, only iron ties, which also come from the United States, are used.

Some of the flat cars and the freight cars came from Belgium, while the passenger cars are from Germany. The first-class cars are of the compartment style, a corridor running clear through on one side of the car into which open the small compartments which accommodate eight persons each. They are finely upholstered, and cost 23,000 francs (\$4,600) each. Until now there have been no second-class cars. The third-class cars are fitted up with stout wooden benches in rows, with an aisle running through the center. They are not upholstered and have no curtains, but have glass windows and shutters. They cost 10,000 francs (\$2,000) each.

This road has been built by the Turkish government, assisted to a small extent by the contributions of devoted Mohammedans. Meisner Pasha, a German, has control of the construction of the road, and is assisted by other European engineers. The greater part of the manual labor has been done by extra pay.

The Damascus station of the railway is situated at the extreme southern end of that part of the city called the Medan. In viewing Damascus from the heights to the northwest the city resembles a saucerpan or a spoon with a round bowl, the main part being round and the quarter called the Medan corresponding to the handle. The latter is practically a single long street. The station consists of several buildings, some of which are ware and baggage houses. Large repair shops are being erected. The present station building is a small affair, but it is probable that a suitable structure will soon be built.

CHILD SAVED BY HER HAIR

Remarkable Presence of Mind Evincing by Occupant of Cab in a Grave Emergency.

An old engineer on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad said: "I had a thrilling experience once. We had just left a small town in Ohio, and were going at a good rate of speed, when I noticed several children playing near the track about 60 feet ahead. I blew the whistle several times and the children scampered away, all except a little girl, who seemed fascinated by the on-rushing train. I put on the brakes, but saw that she would be run down unless something was done at once. Letting go of the throttle I reached down, and leaning far over, caught the child up by her hair. I swung her up beside me, and, at the stopping of the train set her down with the bidding to run along home."

Among stories of heroic nerve and devotion to duty none surpasses that of an engineer on the Lake Shore a few years ago, who, while buried under the wreck of his engine, tightly pinned, while steam was blowing all over him, ordered his fireman, who was trying to aid him, to leave him and flag No. 7, which was then almost due. The others had forgotten that another train was rushing on to destruction, but this heroic engineer did not forget. It is of such stuff that heroes are made.

Simplifying Railroad Trips.

Millions of miles would be lopped off the railroad ticket lugged through Chicago and other railroad centers by the traveling public if the proposed plan to abolish coupon tickets on all lines in the United States, Canada and Mexico is adopted. The plan provides for a definite line of action. Not less than 12 feet two inches of ticket is required by the tourist on a trip from New York to California and return by a sight-seeing route, while one may cross the Atlantic with a piece of pasteboard not more than three inches long. In fact, the through-ticket form is no less than 52 inches long, of which 20 inches are devoted to the contract of purchase. To this form is pasted, during the course of the journey, a collection of two-inch coupons that grow to a bewildering length.

This reform was outlined at a recent meeting of the American association of Passenger and Ticket agents, and promises to be solved satisfactorily. In some ways railroads are the most efficient concerns on earth; in others they have lagged behind the times.—Joplin News-Herald.

Quaint English Station.

One of the quaintest railroad stations in the United Kingdom is Langford, on the Witham and Maldon (Essex) branch line. The sole staff consists of an aged widow, who has performed the duties of "station master" for many years. Her cottage, situated in a garden, is also the booking-office; a small wooden shed on the single narrow platform represents the waiting-room; and trains stop only when there are passengers to take up or set down.

Union Pacific Adopts Steel Cars.

Announcement is made by the Union Pacific railroad that all future orders for passenger equipment of all descriptions will be for steel cars.

SILHOUETTES OF WESTERN CANADA

The man from Iowa began to talk land before the train was well out of the C. N. R. depot in Winnipeg. The talk began in rather wide circles. The rush to the land, the bumper crop, the system of summer fallowing pursued in the semi-arid districts, were all discussed, and then, with a sort of apologetic smile, the Iowa man said: "I'm a bit interested in this country myself. Some of the men down home got a few sections up here along this line, and I'm going to have a look at them. Never been up in Canada before"—(it is curious how these mid-western Americans pronounce the name of the Dominion as if it was "Can'dy")—"but if it looks good we will be up to stay next fall."

"You see, it's like this," said the man from Iowa—quite manifestly continuing an argument that had been going on in his mind for some time. "Back in our State land has become dear. Anybody wanting to sell can get \$70 or \$80 an acre for it, and every farm that's offered is snapped up. In Saskatchewan we have just as good land that cost us \$11 and \$12, so that a man can take up five or six times as much there as in Iowa on the same investment of money."

"It isn't the money, though, that brings most of us up from Iowa. I'm not sure that money would be enough. The 'invasion' is a family affair. We have no chance of keeping our sons around us back home. They have to leave the farm and go into the big cities of the neighboring States to get work. To keep them on the farm and in touch with us, we come up here and make little colonies with the children around us, on homesteads or bought land. This makes it easier for the farmers back there in Iowa to get land for the stay-at-homes. The families that come to Canada are kept together and the families that buy the farms they leave are kept together, too. There won't be any slackening of the rush, either, for they still raise big families back in Iowa."

One could almost see the mental process of this typical American farmer in defending a step that meant a new flag, a new allegiance, a new land, and new associates. To abandon Old Glory of the Declaration of Independence for a good thing in cheap land would hardly be playing the game, but to go out into Saskatchewan to "keep the family together," was another and a quite higher motive.

Why seek too closely to analyze the reasons for the greatest land trek in the history of America? It is enough to know that the sons of the frontiersmen of Iowa, and Kansas, and Minnesota—the best blood of the mid-west—are pouring into the Canadian west in an ever-increasing stream, and are learning that "God Save the King" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee," are sung to the same tune.—Toronto (Ontario) Globe.

NATURAL INFERENCE.



"I don't like that Jones girl. She's always running people down!"

"Goodness! I didn't know she had an automobile!"

Where Are Harry and Isabella Allen? Harry is now aged 20 years, and his sister, Isabella, aged 18 years. The children were taken in charge by the Nebraska Children's Home society in 1897 from Grand Island, following the death of the father, Silas Allen. The mother is now in Oklahoma, and is distracted because she cannot locate her children, whom she has not seen since they were taken by superintendent of the society twelve years ago, who now refuses to tell their mother where they are. If the children will address P. O. Box 898, Omaha, Nebr., giving their own address, it will be sent to their mother.

Child of the Press.

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden was the founder of the International Sunshine society, which is now said to have a membership of 2,000,000. She is president general of the society, which was christened with 18 sponsors in New York city at Christmas, 1896. It has been called the child of the press, Mrs. Alden being connected with a New York paper.

Doubtless.

The Homebody—What's the industry in New York, near as ye could judge, Agner?

The Traveled Man—Steppin' lively, I reckon.—Puck.

Reason Enough.

"His feelings are greatly hurt since he lost his job."

"No wonder he's hurt. He fell from a high position."

A great deal is heard of the art of remembering, and but little of the fine art of forgetting.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic.

Following cheap advice is apt to prove expensive.